

PARTING MOMENTS.

Three minutes! Aye, the fatal clock,
With measured movement seems to mock
My hopes and prayers,
And what I hope I do not know;
I feel my spirit sinking low,
With weight of fears.

Three minutes! Will no power restrain
The hand that counts them, and again
My peace restore?
I plead in vain; they will not stay;
They pass, alas! away, away,
Forevermore!

Three minutes, and the end will be!
I'll vainly look that face to see
I now behold.
Yet I these moments' memories will,
Deep in my heart, though good or ill,
Forever enfold.

Good-by! What future time may bring
Of pain, or joy, or anything,
We cannot tell.
We know that truth, at last, shall reign,
And God shall make His purpose plain,
And all be well.

—Baltimore American.

A Clever Little Woman.

The rain was dashing against the
hospital window one afternoon in
March when I made my rounds. I left
Marta to the last, as I felt that on a
dreary day like this she would be more
than ever glad of a chat.

I had not sat beside her for five min-
utes before I found that she was in a
highly-strung condition, her eyes were
so bright, her skin dry, and her pulses
quivering with their rapid beats.
After a few commonplaces, I said:

"What is it, Marta? What is the mat-
ter to-day? You have no new pain—
no fresh trouble?"

"No monsieur," she answered, "it is
that I cannot still my thoughts—to-day
is the anniversary—" and she stopped.
Her beautiful gray eyes were full of
tears, and she was trying hard to exer-
cise self control.

"Tell me," I said, "all about the an-
niversary."

"It was 12 years ago to-day since I
met my husband, Jean Louvain," she
began eagerly, "and our meeting was
a strange one indeed! I was in search
of a clever forger—whom the police be-
lieved to be a woman—and I had to go
to Riviera in search of her. I had been
in the Hospital of St. Jacques to see a
man whom I thought could give me in-
formation, and it occurred to me sud-
denly that the dress of a Sister of Mercy
would be a good disguise. I left Paris
in time to reach Marseilles early one
lovely morning, and going to the house
of a friend I changed my clothes, and
scarcely recognized myself as I looked
in the great glass at the railway station.
No hair could be seen, and the large
collar and winged cap gave me quite a
different expression. I had bought a
small bag, exactly like those the sisters
carry, to hold the things I needed, and
I had my papers sewn inside a dress I
wore. I was young then and the cases
that interested me occupied me so en-
tirely that I became sleepless and suf-
fered at times from sudden faintness,
which would be succeeded by violent
pains in my head. To alleviate these
troubles I carried always a bottle of
ether and a tiny phial of chloroform,
both wrapped for safety in a square of
jeweler's cotton."

"Ah, I see!" interrupted I. "Your
forger found them, and used them to
stupefy you!"

"Pardon, monsieur," she returned,
"my tale is better than that! At Mar-
seilles I got into a compartment
where several people descended, and a
man, who was its sole occupant, tried
to prevent my entrance, as if uncon-
sciously; but I looked sharply at him
and got in. He then placed his arms on
the doorway and blocked the window
until the train left the station; then he
threw himself on the seat in the corner
farthest from me on the opposite side,
and flung off the large cloak he was
wearing."

"To my surprise and horror, I saw
he was partly dressed as a woman, and
he took from beneath the seat a bag like
those in which workmen carry their
tools and quietly continued his toilet.
Naturally I watched him. He was small
and slight, and very fair, and when he
took off his coat and waistcoat, collar
and tie, I saw a great scar beneath the
left ear going right under his chin."

"I knew him instantly; he was Dure-
tte, the man whom I believed safely in
prison at Toulon, who was the most in-
genious and cruel of a gang of thieves
who had infested Paris for three years,
and who had been cleverly captured
three months before. The captor had
received 5,000 francs, and now he was
at large again, and here before me in
this narrow compartment. He stopped
his toilet, and said to me, in the quiet,
clear voice which I knew to be one of
his characteristics:

"My sister, I am running for my life.
My life is dear to me, and nothing shall
stand in the way of my freedom—do
you understand? Nothing?"

"As he said this he took from his bag
a large, sharp knife, such as shoemakers
use, and laid it on the seat beside him.
Judge, monsieur, how I felt. Thought
is quick, and my brain had traveled far
in the few minutes of the journey. Here
was Durette; if only I could capture
him—the reward would make my dear
invalid mother rich for the rest of her
life! I would try, I would think; I
would not quail. But first I must act!
I shrank into my corner at his words
and trembled, and let the tears fill my
eyes as I looked up appealingly at
him.

"Fear not, dear sister," he said mock-
ingly; "if you do as I say, you have noth-
ing to dread. I shall quit the train at
Toulon, and you must talk to me as if
I were coming home to my family, and
you had made acquaintance with me
at Lyons."

"Of course I promised, and he went
on cursing himself. His hair was
short, and he put on a black wom-
an's wig and earrings in his ears; he had
a skirt twisted around at his waist, and

this he let down, then he made me fast-
en a white chemise, and he put on a
bodice, which I laced. Judge how I
was thinking, monsieur! My hands
trembled with excitement, for the train
was rushing on, and it is barely one
hour between Marseilles and Toulon.
He talked—I suppose he was glad to
speak again after his solitary imprison-
ment—he reassured me kindly, and
said he would not harm me if I obeyed
him, and he made me vow on the cross
I wore that I would say no word till he
was out of sight.

"And I shall watch your train
away, my sister," he added.

"After I had finished dressing him,
I went back to my seat, and then I
laughed. He looked furious, and asked
me why I was such a fool. I said his
face was a fair woman's, and his hair
a dark one's, and he would be noticed
directly. He scowled at me, and said
'Idiot!' but at the same time he brought
from his bag a bottle of dye and a
brush, and began to color his hands.
The stuff would not run, and he shook
the bottle violently, but it came in
lumps. 'I want some spirit,' he said,
viciously, and he swore—oh, monsieur,
so awfully.

"I trembled really this time, for it
was so fearful to be shut up with such
a wretch! Then an inspiration came
to me, and I said: 'See, I have no cog-
nac, but I take a medicine sometimes
which is a spirit,' and I poured some of
the ether into his bottle and shook it.
It ran beautifully, became a clear,
brown liquid; he scarcely looked at
'thank you,' but rapidly painted his
hands, using his left as cleverly as his
right; then he tried his face—and
then I laughed again, this time with
joy, for I had regained my courage,
and I felt I should capture him.

"Why do you laugh now?" he said,
fiercely.

"Because you are making your
cheeks too dark, your eyelids are white,
and you have left a rim around your
lips," I said, in as steady a voice as I
could command.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, and
then he said to me: 'Take this brush
and paint me.'

"I took it, and pretended to tremble
as I touched his face.

"Fool!" he shrieked. 'I will not
hurt you—see how the train rushes—
lose no time!'

"Bien, monsieur," I replied; 'you
must do as I tell you, then.' I caught
up his cloak and put it around him, as
a barber puts his cloth, and, telling
him to shut his eyes, I began to paint
the lids. The next moment I trans-
ferred the brush to my left hand, and
with my right I took out the stopper
from the chloroform bottle, and poured
half the contents on the wadding that
had been around it. Happily, it was a
large piece, and, dropping the brush, I
pressed it suddenly over his nose and
mouth, and saturated it with the ether.

"The suddenness of the action took
him so much by surprise that for a sec-
ond he was quite quiet, and I dashed the
bottle of dye right at his eyes as he
opened them, still pressing the pad over
his nose. He was blinded for the mo-
ment, his arms were tangled in the cloak,
and if only the chloroform did its work,
and I could hold him down! The agony
of those few seconds will never be
effaced. He tried to reach the knife,
monsieur, but I kicked it off the seat
away, just as I perceived that his fran-
tic efforts were becoming fainter; and
one more violent struggle on my part
kept the wadding in its place, and he
succumbed; his head dropped back,
and his arms fell powerless beside him.

"I had no knowledge of the action of
anaesthetics, and now a dread possessed
me lest I had killed him. I remembered
having heard somewhere that slight peo-
ple of quick brains were specially sus-
ceptible to these influences, and I
thought perhaps I should only take a
dead body into Toulon.

"He looked so ghastly with the streaks
of paint on his livid skin. I placed my
hand on his heart, and felt his wrist—
most thankful was I to find a pulsation.
Then I seated myself on the floor, keep-
ing my fingers on his wrist and having
in my lap the bottle of chloroform to
pour on the pad if I felt his pulses
quicken too much.

"I have had many trying journeys,
but never another to match this. I am
not cruel by nature, and sitting there
during the quarter of an hour of the
journey that remained, I wondered how
I could have acted as I did—it seemed as
if I could not be Marta Leclerc.

"At length the train slackened, and
then drew up at the platform for exam-
ining tickets. Two guards opened the
door, and I jumped up and rushed from
the carriage; and in my excitement, I
shrieked: 'Durette! Durette!'

"What of Durette?" exclaimed a tall
man, who advanced from the carriage
behind.

"He is there—it is he!" I said, and
fainted in the arms of the man beside
me. I remembered no more till I awoke
in the room of the superintendent. I
found the chief of the station, some po-
licemen and the tall man standing
around me.

"This is Jean Louvain, warden of the
prison at Toulon," said the superin-
tendent. 'Durette escaped from him
yesterday, and he was clever enough to
suspect he would return to Toulon, but
he did not look for him dressed as a
woman.'

"Nor did I expect to find him caught
by a woman," said the deep voice of Jean
Louvain. And that was how I met my
husband."—N. Y. Weekly.

Easily Pleased.

Dependence on superfluities is one
kind of helplessness. In one of his
neighborly chats with a lady who lived
near him at Sunnyside, Washington
Irving gently reproved her complaint
about the demands her children made
upon her. "I have to teach them so
many things!" she said. "Too many,
perhaps," replied Irving. "Begin with
one thing. Teach them to be easily
pleased."—Youth's Companion.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

USEFUL HAY RACK.

One That Is Handy and Has Given Ex-
cellent Satisfaction.

At this season of the year we look
around to see if we have all the tools
necessary to do a successful job of har-
vesting the hay and grape crops.

Some of us will find ourselves with a
broken half dilapidated hay rack almost
if not altogether beyond repair. Of
course, this calls for a new hayrack,
which is almost a total necessity on the
farm, and you will never regret it if
you build a good one while about it.

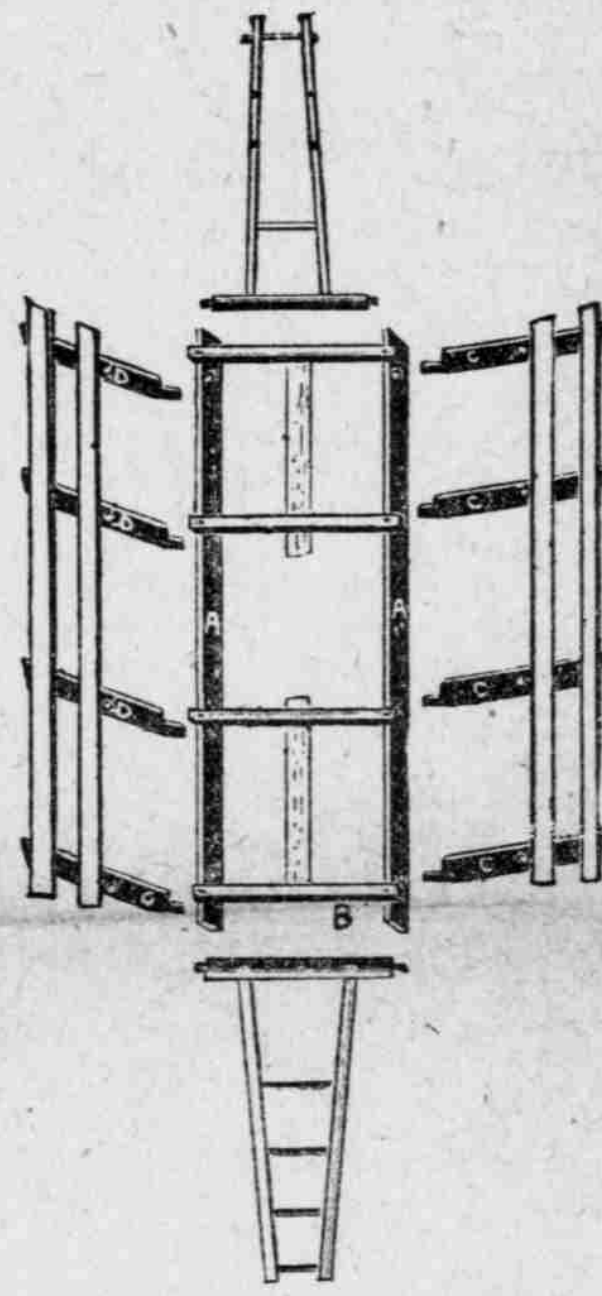
I have had one in use for the past four
years, which I find very handy and
which has given good satisfaction, and
I might say it is in as good condition as
when made.

In the illustration the sills A A are
2x7 and 15 feet in length. Cross benches
B B on sills are 2x4 and 3 feet 5 inches
long, or to suit width of your wagon.
These are bolted onto sills as in en-
graving, using 10-inch bolts, putting
them in from under side of sill with nut
on top of cross bench. These bolts you
will find are an inch too short to reach
through, but are countersunk, an inch,
beneath and a small nail driven through
the hole crosswise to prevent loss of
bolts should a nut work off, as they are
apt to do. The nuts are on top where
they can be seen. The corresponding
cross-benches C C on wings are 3 feet
6 inches in length and made by 2x4
stuff. These are cut as shown in en-
graving to slide on over sills and fit
under the boards on center of rack.
These boards are 1x6 and cut right
length to reach as shown in cut of
rack.

The side boards or wings are the same
length as the sills and 1x6 stuff. These
are bolted and nailed to benches C C.

The end ladders can readily be made
after the rack is ready to fasten to-
gether. Will say that ladders on my
rack are 5 feet high and back ladder is
arranged with a loose iron pin to boom
the load on at any desired height.

The holes of D D inside wings are
made for purpose of hanging wings onto



EXCELLENT HAY RACK.

main frame of rack, and correspond
with holes in cross-benches B B, where
a one-half-inch bolt 5 inches in length
fastens them together and is itself held
in place with a key through it. This
makes a combination rack which, by
attaching endgates and tight board
floor, can be used to haul hogs, tile,
pumpkins, etc., and by placing a few
boards on side wings a large load of
corn in the ear can be hauled. As I
have always hauled a great deal of feed
each winter I detach the sides, place
it on a sled and make a very good feed
rack of it, upon which to haul feed from
the field to the barn.

My rack is all made of red elm and
painted with two coats of oil and Venetian
red, which makes quite a durable
paint for farm tools, and better by add-
ing a few pounds of white lead. A rack
of this kind will be found very con-
venient upon the farm, and I assure
you I would not trade it and go back to
the old platform rack.—George W.
Brown, in Ohio Farmer.

New Potato Industry.

The opening up of a demand for po-
tatoes peeled, sliced and dried like ap-
ples promises to give a fresh impetus to
potato cultivation, as decay will be pre-
vented and freight cost lessened. The
potatoes are peeled and sliced by ma-
chinery, soaked two minutes in strong
brine, drained and dried at a tempera-
ture of about 194 degrees. Before using
the slices are soaked from 12 to 15
hours, and then have all the freshness
and flavor of new potatoes.

New Food for Cattle.

A long-continued diet of molasses has
been found injurious to cattle, but Lou-
isiana sugar planters have discovered
that "black strap" mixed in proper pro-
portions with corn, hay or oats forms a
good food for fattening cattle. There is
already a great demand for it in Texas,
and it is expected that the western
states will soon consume quantities of
what has been considered the nearly
useless portion of the sugar-cane prod-
uct.

Mow Down the Weeds.

If you have any land that cannot be
cultivated to corn or potatoes do not
allow it to remain for the weeds to ex-
haust it, but mow down the weeds
when they are young and in August
sow the land to crimson clover, to be
plowed under next spring. It is a good
plan to sow crimson clover on every va-
cant spot and thus improve the soil by
taking advantage of its capacity for
gathering nitrogen.

CORN FOR POULTRY.

By All Odds the Best Grain Food for
Laying Hens.

Samuel Cushman, who is authority on
matters pertaining to poultry, said at a
recent farmers' meeting held in Boston
if he was confined to one kind of grain
he would take corn. With this he would
feed, clover, fodder, corn, meat and oth-
er like food. Upon being asked if wheat
does not stimulate laying, Mr. Cushman
replied that he would not think of giv-
ing up wheat, but wanted to impress his
hearers that too much stress is put on
feeding wheat and too much said against
feeding corn by poultry writers.

This agrees with our experience ex-
actly. We believe that corn is the best
single grain for poultry and feed it
every day. Do not underrate wheat,
for it is a good feed to stimulate egg
production, but it is not indispensable to
the poultry keeper.

The great trouble with farm pou-
ltry is, usually, that it gets corn every
day and all the time. If the hens run
at large they have free access to the
yard where the hogs are fed, and a good
many times the corn crib is open to
them at any time. Under these cir-
cumstances the hens fill themselves
with corn and do not eat enough other
food to keep them in laying condition.

Corn is essentially a fattening grain,
and when we remember that the yolk of
an egg contains a large proportion of
pure fat we see how necessary a good
supply of fat-forming food is to the
production of eggs. No single food
provides this so plentifully as corn does,
and the poultry keeper who does not use
it will not have the greatest possible
success.

If laying hens are given a light feed
of corn in the morning they will hunt
insects and eat grass enough to satisfy
their appetites and maintain the bal-
ance of the nutritive element in the
food they eat.

Grass is a perfectly balanced food for
live stock and poultry, and to one who
never gave the matter attention it is a
source of astonishment to learn how
much of it poultry will eat. In the nor-
mal condition of things a hen will live
on grass, but if she is laying she must
have something in addition to furnish
the egg material, and this can be sup-
plied by giving her corn more cheaply
than in any other way.

Long observation convinces us that
corn fed to laying hens makes the yolks
a richer yellow and gives consistency to
the whites of eggs. Eggs laid by a half-
fed hen have whites that are thin and
watery and the yolks are often pale and
thin, falling flat when the egg is broken
instead of standing up in the shape of a
half globe.

Corn is the best grain food for laying
hens, but too much of it checks egg pro-
duction. It is hard to convince people
sometimes that if a little is good a great
deal is better, but in the case of feeding
corn to laying hens it is almost safe to
say that too much is worse than none.—
Farmer's Voice.

HINTS FOR BEEKEEPERS.

Combine bee keeping with fruit
growing.

Bees consume a large quantity of
honey while they are raising brood.

In hiving swarms all washes for the
hive are useless. All that is necessary
is to have the hive clean and sweet.

The queens of the Italians are decid-
edly more prolific. This is in part due
to the greater activity of the workers.

A young queen just emerging from
the cell can always be safely given to
the colony after destroying the old
queen.

One advantage with Italian bees is
that they have longer tongues and can
gather honey from flowers where the
black bees cannot.

By at once dividing colonies that
show an inclination to swarm and de-
stroying their queen cells the swarm-
ing may readily be stopped.

The best time to extract the honey is
just as the bees begin capping. In this
way uncapping is avoided, and the
honey is thick and nearly ripe.

In order to free the honey from small
pieces of comb and other impurities it
should be passed through a coarse cloth
or wire sieve before sending it to mar-
ket.

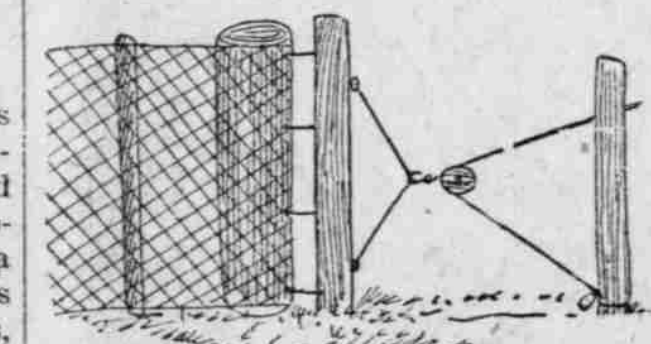
The best honey is apt to crystallize,
but this may be prevented by keeping it
at about 50 degrees. Unripe honey
will granulate quicker than that well
evaporated.

To secure an abundance of comb
honey the colonies must be strong and
the brood combs full of brood at the
beginning of the honey harvest. The
swarming fever must also be kept down.
—St. Louis Republic.

PUTTING UP FENCING.

How to Make the Poultry Yard Look
Neat and Attractive.

Wire netting is so commonly used
now for the yarding of fowls that some
plan for properly putting up the fence
is important. Ordinarily this fencing
is slack and very untidy. It needs to



WIRE FENCE STRETCHER.

be thoroughly stretched. To do this
the plan showed in the sketch may be
used to advantage. A strip of board
has four or more hooks arranged on one
side to hold the roll firmly and to
stretch each section as it is unrolled. A
pulley attached to the following post
draws the netting tightly past the pre-
ceding post, when it is secured firmly
with staples and the work advanced to
the next post. A fence thus put up will
look neat and will be more serviceable
in retaining fowls, as a sagging toy
wire invites attempts at flight.—Amer-
ican Agriculturist.

GAVE THE WAITER HIS FEE.

An Inscrutable Man's Ignorance of the
Law Costs Him a Liberal Tip.

The globular and florid old gentleman,
as he sat down at the table, pulled a dollar
bill out of his pocket, deliberately tore it
in two, handed one piece to the waiter, re-
placed the other in his pocket, and said:

"Waiter, if I am satisfied, you get the
other half. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied the functionary, and
became as assiduous as a mother with her
first child.

But for some inexplicable reason the old
gentleman grew more and more dissatisfied
as his meal progressed, until, as he arose
from the table, he simply scowled angrily at
the expectant waiter.

"Excuse me, sir, but—" the waiter in-
sistently obsequiously.

"Now," snarled the old fellow in reply.
"Oh, yes, I think you will," observed the
waiter, his backbone visibly stiffening.

"Don't you be impudent, young man,"
advised the old fellow, threateningly.

"Don't you be a chump," advised the
waiter, contemptuously.

"Why, why, what—?" screamed the old
gentleman, swelling like an enraged turkey
cock. "I'll report you for insolence,
you—your villain!"

"I don't think you will," retorted the
waiter, calmly and firmly. "Come, hand
over the other half of this bill. I need a dol-
lar to go to the theater."

"Explain yourself, you rascal," demanded
the old fellow, a great and portentous calm
enveloping him. "Now, what does this
mean?"

"It means at this minute you are a law-
breaker, sir," replied the waiter, suavely.

"Mutiny! mutiny! a crime, and you have
murdered a dollar bill. Therefore, unless
I get the dollar you'll be pinched. See?"

As the waiter pocketed the dollar, he
smiled.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Over a Ton a Day.

Last year 425 tons of steel were used by
the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New
Haven, Ct., in the manufacture of rifles and
shot guns. This enormous amount repre-
sents a consumption of over a ton a day.
This information may surprise people who
are not familiar with the great demand for
Winchester guns, but it will not anyone
who has used a Winchester, for they ap-
preciate the excellence and popularity of
this make of gun. Winchester guns and
Winchester ammunition are unequalled for
their many points of superiority. Uniform-
ity and reliability are watchwords with the
Winchesters and the results their guns and
ammunition give show the great care taken
in manufacturing them. Send for a large
illustrated catalogue free.

Shirt-Waist Damages.

First Summer Resorter—Isn't that Chlo-
lie Bowled just horrid? I hadn't known him
for a day when he tried to kiss me.

Second Summer Resorter—And me, too.
But it is only business with him. His other
owns the laundry.—Indianapolis Journal.

"There are a great many laws on the sta-
tute books which don't seem to command
much attention," remarked the political
protege. "Young man," replied Senator
Sarghumb, "you are looking in the wrong
place. Some of those laws may not amount
to much in statute books. But they have
made a heap of difference in bank books."—
Washington Star.

In order not to be an exception to the
rule, Guibouard ran down his mother-in-
law. "Briefly, what have you against her?"
asked his friend, impatiently. "Her daugh-
ter," was the laconic reply.—L'Illustration
Poche.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, July 3.	
LIVE STOCK—Cattle, common	2 25
Select butchers	4 10
CALVES—Fair to good light	5 25
HOGS—Common	3 00
Mixed butchers	3 30
Light shippers	3 45
SHEEP—Choice	2 85
Mixed butchers	4 75
FLOUR—Winter 1 milv	3 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	67
No. 3 red	65
Corn—No. 2 mixed	26
Outs—No. 2	21
Rye—No. 2	34
HAY—Prime to choice	6 25
PROVISIONS—Mess pork	9 00
Lard—Prime steam	8 85
BUTTER—Choice dairy	6
Prime to choice creamery	10 15
APPLES—Per bbl	2 25
POTATOES—New Per bbl	1 75
NEW YORK.	
FLOUR—Winter patent	4 40
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 1 North	4 70
No. 2 red	71 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed	28 1/2
OUTS—Mixed	28 1/2
PORK—New mess	8 25
LARD—Western	4 20
CHICAGO.	
FLOUR—Winter patents	4 20
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	71 1/2
No. 3 Chicago spring	68 1/2
CORN—No. 2	24 1/2
OUTS—No. 2	21 1/2
PROVISIONS—Mess pork	7 60
LARD—Steam	4 00
BALTIMORE.	
FLOUR—Family	3 90
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2	70
CORN—Mixed	28 1/2
OUTS—No. 2 white	23 1/2
LARD—Repacked	11 50
PROVISIONS—Mess pork	10 85
INDIANAPOLIS.	
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2	75
CORN—No. 2 mixed	24
OUTS—No. 2 mixed	18 1/2
LOUISVILLE.	
FLOUR—Winter patent	3 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	82
CORN	